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M. O. L. L. U. S.

# SONGS

—SUNG BY THE—  
SINGING SCHOOL

MISSOURI COMMANDERY



Class E 462

Book 2

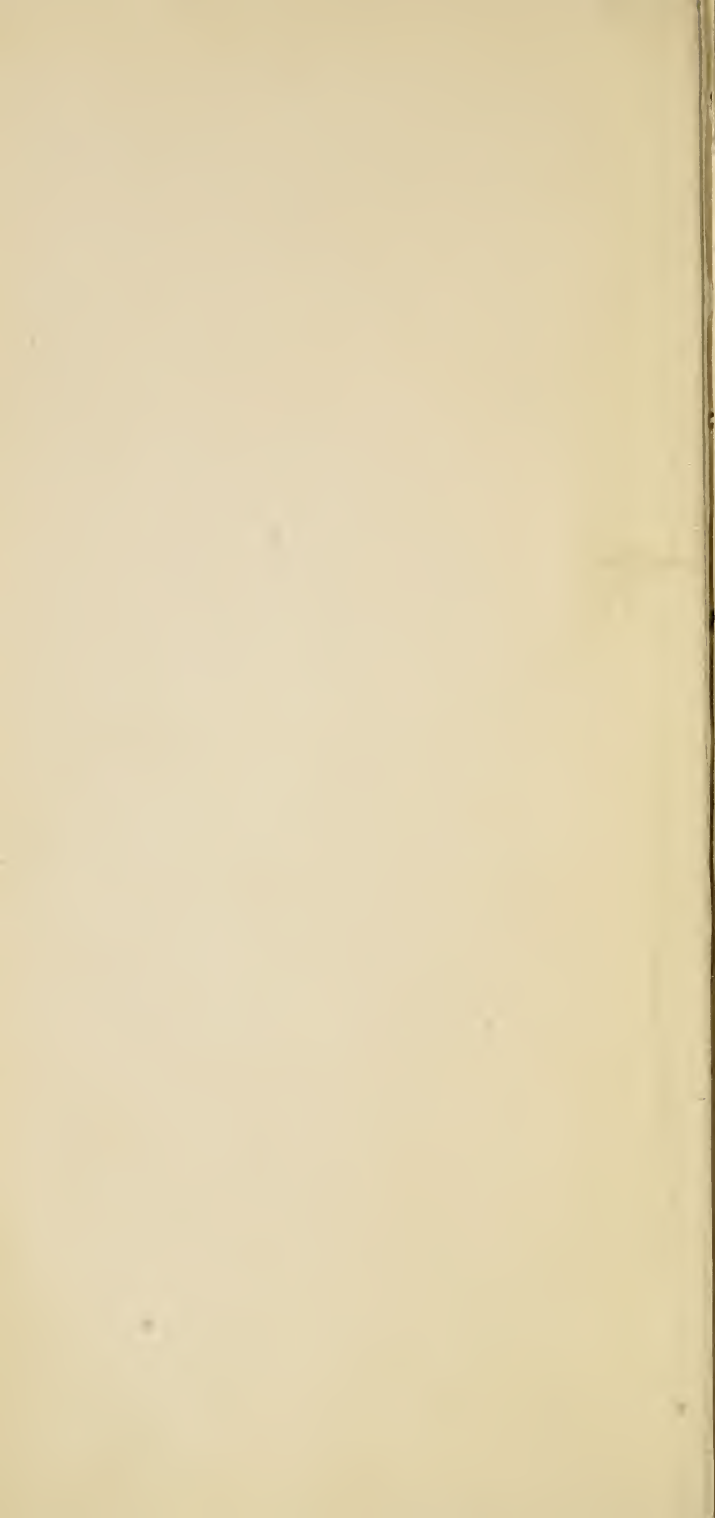
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MILITARY ORDER

OF THE

LOYAL LEGION

OF THE

UNITED STATES



SONGS

SUNG BY THE

“SINGING SCHOOL”

OF THE

MISSOURI  
COMMANDERY



NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE

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BLESS DE LORD, I SEE OLD LIJAH!  
Dedicated to Major James Gay Butler and Major Horatio Dan Wood.



# The "Singing School."

"To transmit the first bright and early impressions of our youth, fresh and unimpaired to a remote period in life, constitutes one of the loftiest prerogatives of genius."

AT the stated meeting of the Commandery, held February 6, 1886, on motion, Capt. W. R. Hodges was appointed a Committee of One to organize a glee club. A meeting was called at his residence, and a few companions, who had sung the songs of youth and patriotism on the march and in camp, gathered, and the nucleus of what was facetiously named the "Singing School" was formed. A body of enthusiasts, who for nearly twenty years have been the vital force in the Commandery for ideal companionship, and who have striven with loving interest to make our gatherings a delight. By practice they were enabled to sing with a harmony and fervor which was an inspiration to others, and for years a majority of those present at our meetings have joined to the added pleasure of all. Much credit is due to the perennial enthusiasm and interest of Companion Loyd G. Harris, who, without election or appointment, became the leader of the "Singing School." Acknowledgment is also due to our splendid accompanists, Mr. Charles Galloway and Mr. E. V. McIntyre.

In 1887 a song book was published, containing many numbers which never became popular. As the years went by others were added to our repertoire, and several were written especially for the edification of the Commandery. A revised and complete edition has been demanded, which shall include only the songs sung at our meetings and endeared to all by memories of the past. By general desire the names and portraits of members of the "Singing School," past and present, are here given. There will be a pathetic interest in looking upon the faces of the good fellows who have joined the silent army, as well as upon those living but separated from us. Many distinguished in military and civil life are included, but no one who has not performed the work assigned him and done dutifully and well his stunt.

It is the hope of the Committee on Publication that this book will prove a treasured souvenir of good times past and gone, and an inspiration for good times to come.

## MEMBERS OF THE SINGING SCHOOL.

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### LIEUT. ALBERT MERRELL.

Capt. J. E. ASHCROFT.\*  
Major J. G. BUTLER.  
Major CHAS. CHRISTENSEN.  
Col. J. O. CHURCHILL.  
Gen. NELSON COLE.\*  
Capt. GEO. T. CRAM.  
E. R. DARLINGTON.  
THOS. C. DOAN.  
Col. C. C. GARDINER.  
Lieut. CHAS. H. GLEASON.\*  
Capt. THOS. M. GREENE.  
Lieut. LOYD G. HARRIS.  
Surgeon R. J. HILL.\*  
Col. CHAS. S. HILLS.\*  
Capt. W. R. HODGES.  
Col. J. F. HOW.\*  
Lieut E. D. MEIER.  
Major H. L. MORRILL.\*  
Major GEO. H. MORGAN, U. S. A.  
Lieut. J. C. PARKER.  
Major CHAS. E. PEARCE.\*  
Lieut. T. A. POST.\*  
Capt. F. RAYMOND, JR.  
Lieut.-Col. GEO. D. REYNOLDS.  
Lieut. F. L. RIDGELY.  
Lieut.-Col. GEO. ROBINSON, U. S. A.  
Lieut.-Com. M. S. STUYVESANT.  
CHAS. B. SUDBOROUGH.  
Major AMOS M. THAYER.\*  
V. C. TURNER.  
Capt. CHAS. G. WARNER.  
THOS. M. WEBSTER.  
Major H. D. WOOD.  
Lieut.-Gen. S. B. M. YOUNG, U. S. A.

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\*Dead.

NOTE.—Where photograph could not be obtained, the portrait is omitted.

## AMERICA.

My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of Liberty,  
    Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died;  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride;  
From every mountain-side  
    Let freedom ring!

My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
    Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
    Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring through all the trees  
    Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break—  
    The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,  
Author of Liberty!  
    To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
    Great God, our King.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early  
light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twi-  
light's last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars,  
through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so  
gallantly streaming;

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs burst-  
ing in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag  
was still there;

Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner  
yet wave

O'er the land of the free and the home  
of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mist  
of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the  
towering steep

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half  
discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's  
first beam

In full glory reflected, now shines on the  
stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long  
may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home  
of the brave.

And where are the foes who so vauntingly  
swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's  
confusion

A home and a country should leave us no  
more?

Their blood has washed out their foul  
footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of  
the grave,

And the star-spangled banner in triumph  
doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home  
of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall  
stand

Between their loved home and war's  
desolation;

Blessed with victory and peace, may the  
Heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and  
preserved us a Nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it  
is just,

And this be our motto—"In God is our  
trust!"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph  
shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home  
of the brave.



LIEUT. F. L. RIDGELY.

## COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free,  
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee;  
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
When liberty's form stands in view;  
Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

### Chorus.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,  
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,  
Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,  
And threatened our land to deform,  
The ark then of freedom's foundation,  
Columbia rode safe through the storm.  
With the garland of victory o'er her,  
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,  
With her flag floating proudly before her,  
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

### Cho.—The boast, etc.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,  
And fill you it up to the brim  
May the wreath they have won never wither,  
Nor the star of their glory grow dim.  
May the services united ne'er sever,  
And hold to their colors so true,  
The Army and Navy forever—  
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

### Cho.—Three cheers, etc.

## COLUMBIA.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world, and the child of the  
    skies  
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture  
    behold  
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold,  
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,  
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy  
    clime;  
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson  
    thy name,  
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy  
    fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe  
    aspire;  
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in  
    fire;  
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall  
    defend,  
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.  
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy  
    laws  
Enlarged as thy empire, and just as thy  
    cause;  
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall  
    rise,  
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the  
    skies.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall  
    display,  
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;  
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,  
And the east and the south yield their spices  
    and gold.  
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor  
    shall flow,  
And earth's little kingdoms before thee bend  
    low;  
While the ensigns of union, in triumph  
    unfurled,  
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to  
    the world.

[The author, Timothy Dwight, was born May 14, 1752; graduated at Yale 1769; made Master of Arts 1772; Chaplain in the Continental Army 1777; while chaplain he wrote the poem "Columbia," which is one of the most remarkably prophetic productions regarding the United States ever uttered.]



MAJOR CHAS. CHRISTENSEN.

### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! We'll  
sing another song—  
Sing it with a spirit that will start the  
world along—  
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand  
strong,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

#### Chorus.

"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!  
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you  
free!"  
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the  
sea,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.  
How the darkies shouted when they heard  
the joyful sound!  
How the turkeys gobbled which our com-  
missary found!  
How the sweet potatoes even started from  
the ground,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Cho.—"Hurrah! hurrah!" etc.



Yes, and there were Union men who wept  
with joyful tears  
When they saw the honored flag they had  
not seen for years;  
Hardly could they be restrained from break-  
ing forth in cheers,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Cho.—“Hurrah! hurrah!” etc.

“Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never  
reach the coast!”  
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a hand-  
some boast—  
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon on  
our host,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Cho.—“Hurrah! hurrah!” etc.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom  
and her train,  
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to  
the main;  
Treason fled before us for resistance was  
in vain,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Cho.—“Hurrah! hurrah!” etc.



CAPT. CHARLES GUILLE WARNER.

### SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains.

That frowned on the river below.

While we stood by our guns, in the morning,

And eagerly watched for the foe;

When a rider came out from the darkness

That hung over mountain and tree,

And shouted, "Boys up! and be ready!"

For Sherman will march to the sea!"

#### Chorus.

Then sang we a song for our chieftain

That echoed o'er river and lea,

And the stars in our banner shone brighter

When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman

Went up from each valley and glen,

And the bugles re-echoed the music

That came from the lips of the men,

For we knew that the stars on our banner

More bright in their splendor would be,

And that blessings from North-land would greet us,

When Sherman marched down to the sea!

Cho.

Proud, proud was our army, that morning,

That stood where the pine proudly towers,

When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary;

This day fair Savannah is ours!"

Then sung we a song for our Chieftain,

That echoed o'er river and lea!

And the stars on our banner shone brighter,

When Sherman marched down to the Sea!

Cho.

## VIVE L'AMERICA.

Words revised by LOYD G. HARRIS.

Noble Republic! happiest of lands—  
Foremost of nations Columbia stands  
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,  
Where shouts of liberty daily arise.

“United we stand, divided we fall”  
Union forever, freedom to all—  
Throughout the world our motto shall be  
Vive L'America, home of the free.

Stronger and greater as years pass by  
Our grand Republic never can die.  
Only one flag o'er our country shall wave,  
“The land of the free and home of the  
brave.”

“United we stand,” etc.

To all our Legion, honor and fame,  
To all our heroes a soldier's grand name.  
Our stripes and our stars in triumph shall  
wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of  
the brave.

“United we stand,” etc.



CAPT. W. R. HODGES.

## BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

Words by CAPTAIN W. R. HODGES.

Music by MR. E. V. MCINTYRE.

We love to sing about the days, when we  
were young and daring,  
We gaily went a soldiering, and naught for  
danger caring.

Oh, those were the days one did enjoy;  
With never a thought he was only a boy.  
Then ho, for the days of long ago, when we  
tramped through mud and rain.

We ate hard tack and bacon, too, and never  
an ache or pain.

With the sky above we slept the sleep, of a  
babe in its mother's arms,  
Without a thought of the morrow's fight,  
nor fear of war's alarms.

For boys will be boys, boys will be boys.

The years may come, the years may go,  
But boys will still be boys.

Boys will be boys, boys will be boys.

The years may come, the years may go,  
But boys will still be boys.

'Twas march and fight, and fight and march  
—of that we had a plenty.

One does not mind such things you know—  
when he is only twenty.

Then how you loved your boyhood friend;  
Your pay was only made to spend.

Then ho, for the days of long ago, when we  
tramped through mud and rain.

We ate hard tack and bacon, too, and never  
an ache or pain.

With the sky above we slept the sleep, of a  
babe in its mother's arms,

Without a thought of the morrow's fight,  
nor fear of war's alarms.

Chorus.

Tho' many years have passed away, our  
hearts are young and glowing.

We have our pleasure day by day, the past  
is worth the knowing.

No one can take from us our joys;

With frosted heads we still are boys.

Then ho, for the days of long ago, when we  
tramped through mud and rain.

We ate hard tack and bacon, too, and never  
an ache or pain.

With the sky above we slept the sleep, of a  
babe in its mother's arms,

Without a thought of the morrow's fight,  
nor fear of war's alarms.           Cho.



CAPTAIN F. RAYMOND, JR.

### TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP- GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the old Camp-  
ground;  
Give us a song to cheer  
Our weary hearts; a song of home  
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night  
Wishing for the war to cease;  
Many are the hearts looking for the right,  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Tenting to-night! Tenting to-night!  
Tenting on the old Camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old  
Camp-ground,  
Thinking of days gone by:  
Of the loved ones at home who gave us  
the hand,  
And the tear that said "Good-by!"

Cho.—Many are the hearts, etc.

We've been fighting to-day on the old  
Camp-ground;  
Many are lying near;  
Some are dead, and some are dying,  
Many are in tears.

Chorus.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night  
Wishing for the war to cease;  
Many are the hearts looking for the right,  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Dying to-night! Dying to-night!  
Dying on the old Camp-ground.



GENERAL NELSON COLE.

## WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

When Johnny comes marching home again,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,  
The ladies, they will all turn out,  
And we'll all get blind drunk,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
To welcome home our darling boy,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The village lads and lasses say  
With roses they will strew the way,  
And we'll all get blind drunk,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give the hero three times three,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The laurel wreath is ready now  
To place upon his royal brow,  
And we'll all get blind drunk,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Their choicest treasures then display.  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
And let each one perform some part  
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,  
And we'll all get blind drunk,  
When Johnny comes marching home.



LIEUT. E. D. MEIER.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, Mother  
dear, of you,  
And our bright and happy home so far  
away;  
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all  
that I can do,  
Though I try to cheer my comrades and  
be gay.

Chorus.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-  
ing;  
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,  
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe  
the air again  
Of the free land in our own beloved  
home.

In the battle front we stood when their  
fiercest charge they made,  
And they swept us off a hundred men or  
more;  
But before we reached their lines they were  
driven back dismayed,  
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and  
o'er.

Cho.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

So within the prison cell we are waiting for  
the day  
That shall come to open wide the iron  
door,  
And the hollow eye grows bright, and the  
poor heart almost gay,  
As we think of seeing home and friends  
once more.

Cho.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.



## MY OWN UNITED STATES.

Words by S. STANGE.

The poet sings of sunny France,  
Fair olive-laden Spain,  
The Grecian Isles, Italia's smiles,  
And India's torrid plains,  
Of Egypt, countless ages old,  
Dark Afric's palms and dates,  
Let me acclaim, the land I name:  
My own United States.

### Chorus.

I love every inch of prairie land,  
Each stone on her mountain's side,  
I love every drop of the water clear  
That flows in her rivers wide,  
I love every tree, every blade of grass  
Within Columbia's gates,  
The Queen of the earth is the land of my  
    birth:  
My own United States.

The poet sings of Switzerland,  
Braw Scotland's heathered moor,  
The shimmering sheen of Ireland's green,  
Old England's rock-bound shore,  
Quaint Holland and the Fatherland,  
Their charms in verse relates,  
Let me acclaim the land I name:  
My own United States.

\*With loud acclaim we hail our flag,  
Its red and white and blue;  
The red the stain of hero's blood,  
The white the lily's hue,  
The blue from heaven's arch was torn,  
By kindest of fates,  
We pledge our honor and our lives  
To our United States.

\*Last verse by Capt. W. R. Hodges.

## THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

A song for our banner, the watchword re-  
call,

Which gave the Republic her station;  
"United we stand, divided we fall!"  
It made and preserves us a nation.

### Chorus.

The union of lakes, the union of lands,  
The Union of States none can sever;  
The union of hearts, the union of hands,  
And the Flag of our Union forever and  
ever—  
The Flag of our Union forever!

What God in His infinite wisdom designed,  
And armed with republican thunder,  
Not all the earth's despots and factions  
combined  
Have the power to conquer or sunder.  
Chorus—The union of lakes, the union of  
lands, etc.



COL. C. C. GARDINER.

### OLD GLORY.

Old glory, flag of liberty,  
Triumphant wave o'er land and sea,  
The pride of millions yet to be,  
'Neath freedom's glorious sway,  
We gaze upon each starry fold,  
In beauty to the skies unrolled,  
And link with thee in pride untold,  
Our land America.

#### Chorus.

Unfurl thy grandeur to the stars,  
Dear flag of many battle scars.  
Renowned in hallowed story,  
All hail to thee, O emblem grand,  
The guardian of our native land,  
All hail to thee, O emblem grand.  
Old glory.

Old glory founded by our sires,  
Amid the flame of battle fires,  
Thy gleam the hearts of all inspires,  
With rapture day by day.  
The flag of the New World art thou,  
To tyranny thou ne'er shall bow,  
Forever wave above the bow,  
Of free America.

\*Dear flag, we love each stripe and star  
Transfigured by the fires of war,  
No hand shall e'er thy beauty mar,  
Or curb thy glorious sway.  
With quivering lip and moistened eye  
We raise thy starry folds on high  
And swear for thee to do and die,  
And our America.

\*Third verse by Capt. W. R. Hodges.



CAPTAIN T. S. GREENE.

## BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

By MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,  
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift sword,  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of an hundred circling camps—  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by their dim and flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in rows of burnished steel—  
“As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat—  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat—  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

## JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the  
grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the  
grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the  
grave,  
His soul is marching on.

### Chorus.

Glory! glory hallelujah!  
Glory! glory hallelujah!  
Glory! glory hallelujah!  
His soul is marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of  
Lord,  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of  
Lord,  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of  
Lord,  
His soul is marching on.                      Cho.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon  
his back,  
His soul is marching on.                      Cho.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,  
And they'll go marching on.                      Cho.

They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple  
tree,  
As they go marching on.                      Cho.

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!  
As we go marching on!

Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!



MAJOR GEO. H. MORGAN.

## OUR GALLANT DANDY TROOPER.

By CAPT. W. R. HODGES.

Written in 1894 and dedicated to the Third  
U. S. Cavalry.

A paraphrase of Tommy Adkins.

Oh we take him from the city or the plough,  
Surgeons pass him and we dress him up  
so neat,  
We teach him to uphold his manly brow,  
And how to walk and where to put his feet;  
He also learns to do the circus act,  
And to ride with both his heels toward  
the sky,  
But once he's up in all the drilling and a  
uniform he's filling,  
He's a soger that completely fills the eye.

### Chorus.

Oh our gallant dandy trooper, you are good  
in heart and hand,  
You're a credit to your calling and to all  
your native land,  
May your luck be never failing and your  
girl be ever true,  
Our yellow-legged trooper, here's a bumper  
full to you.

Then we send him to Dakota for to freeze,  
To distant stations far away from all the  
ladies,  
Or to Arizona where the gentle breeze  
Is hotter than the sulphurous gates of  
Hades;  
He seldom sees a city or a town,  
And rarely finds a circus or a show,  
But his duty he is doing though there is no  
chance for wooing,  
He's a sober, steady trooper as we know.  
Cho.

When the savage murders people in the  
West,  
It is then we find the trooper at the front,  
To meet the dread Apache he's the best,  
In such fighting it is he who bears the  
brunt.  
From ambush he hears the rifle crack;  
The thirsty soil is reddened with his gore,  
But he keeps his flag a-flying while he's  
doing and adying.  
He's a hero is our trooper o'er and o'er.  
Cho.



LIEUT. T. A. POST.

### BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll  
rally once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;  
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather  
from the plain,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus.

The Union forever! hurrah! boys, hurrah!  
Down with the traitor, up with the star,  
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally  
once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call for three hun-  
dred thousand more,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.  
And we'll fill the vacant ranks of our brothers  
gone before,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus—The Union forever, etc.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal,  
true, and brave,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.  
And, although they may be poor, not a man  
shall be a slave,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus—The Union forever, etc.

So we're springing to the call from the East  
and from the West,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.  
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land  
we love the best,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus—The Union forever, etc.



## SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

He lay upon his dying bed,  
His eye was growing dim,  
When with a feeble voice he called  
His weeping son to him:  
“Weep not, my boy,” the veteran said,  
“I bow to Heaven’s will;  
But quickly from yon antlers bring,  
The Sword of Bunker Hill;  
But quickly from yon antlers bring  
The Sword of Bunker Hill.”

The sword was brought: the soldier’s eye  
Lit with a sudden flame,  
And as he grasped the ancient blade  
He murmured Warren’s name,  
Then said: “My boy, I leave you gold,  
But, what is richer still,  
I leave you, mark me! mark me, now!  
The Sword of Bunker Hill!  
I leave you, mark me! mark me, now!  
The Sword of Bunker Hill!

“Oh, keep the Sword!”—his accents broke;  
A smile and he was dead,  
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade  
Upon that dying bed.  
The son remains; the Sword remains,  
Its glory growing still;  
And twenty millions bless the sire  
And Sword of Bunker Hill!  
And twenty millions bless the sire  
And Sword of Bunker Hill!

## HOME AGAIN.

Home again, home again,  
From a foreign shore;  
And, oh! it fills my soul with joy,  
To meet my friends once more.  
Here I dropped my parting tear,  
To cross the ocean's foam;  
But now I'm once again with those  
Who kindly greet me home.

Chorus—Home again, etc.

Happy hearts, happy hearts,  
With mine have laughed in glee;  
But, oh! the friends I love in youth,  
Seem happier to me.  
And if my guide should be the fate  
Which bids me longer roam,  
But death alone can break the tie  
That binds my heart to home.

Chorus—Home again, etc.

Music sweet, music soft,  
Lingers round the place;  
And, oh! I feel the childhood charm,  
That time cannot efface.  
Then give me but my homestead roof,  
I'll ask no palace dome,  
For I can live a happy life  
With those I love at home.

Chorus—Home again, etc.



LIEUT. ALBERT MERRELL.

### "CARVE DAT POSSUM."

De possum meat am good to eat,  
"Carve him to de heart;"  
Yo'll always find him good and sweet,  
"Carve him to de heart;"  
My dog did bark, and I went to see,  
"Carve him to de heart;"  
And dar was a possum up dat tree,  
"Carve him to de heart."

#### Chorus.

"Carve dat possum, carve dat possum,  
chil'en,  
Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart,  
Oh! carve dat possum, carve dat possum,  
chil'en,  
Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart."

I reached up for to pull him in,  
"Carve him to de heart;"  
De possum, he begin to grin,  
"Carve him to de heart;"  
I carried him home and dressed him off,  
"Carve him to de heart;"  
I hung him up dat night in de frost,  
"Carve him to de heart."      Cho.

De way to cook de possum sound,  
"Carve him to de heart;"  
Fust parbile him, den bake him brown,  
"Carve him to de heart;"  
Lay sweet potatoes in de pan,  
"Carve him to de heart;"  
De sweetes' eatin' in de lan',  
"Carve him to de heart."      Cho.

## THE LOYAL LEGIONIER.

By CAPT. W. R. HODGES.

Ho, soldiers, sailors and marines, I sing a  
jolly blade,  
Who nobly fit into the war and never was  
dismayed.  
He always took his licker straight, he was  
a brigadier,  
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal  
Legionier.

Chorus.

He always took his licker straight, he was  
a brigadier,  
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal  
Legionier.

Ho, soldiers, sailors and marines, the in-  
fantry man I toast,  
Who tramped all over Dixie land when hot  
enough to roast.  
He never rode an anamile throughout his  
whole career,  
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal  
Legionier.

Chorus.

He never rode an anamiie throughout his  
whole career,  
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal  
Legionier.

Ho, soldiers, sailors and marines, I sing the  
critter man  
Who bravely fit outside a horse with gallant  
Sheridan.  
He never walked a single step, not even on  
his ear,  
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal  
Legionier.

Chorus.

He never walked a single step, not even on  
his ear,  
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal  
Legionier.

Ho, soldiers, sailors and marines, I sing a  
son-of-a-gun,  
Who also fit all through the war, a six-  
pounder ca-i-son.  
With shot and shell he made 'em yell, also  
the gunners cheer,  
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal  
Legionier.

Chorus.

With shot and shell he made 'em yell, also  
the gunners cheer,  
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal  
Legionier.

Ho, soldiers, sailors and marines, the naval  
man I tip,  
Who sailed upon the briny deep and swum  
the Mississipp.  
He took his grog and spliced the log, as  
long as he could steer,  
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal  
Legionier.

Chorus.

He took his grog and spliced the log, as  
long as he could steer,  
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal  
Legionier.



LIEUT. COM, M. S. STUYVESANT.

## HOME ON THE BRIGHT BLUE SEA.

I'm Captain of a trim built ship,  
And of a gallant crew.  
Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho.  
And you shall learn to reef and steer,  
And box the compass, too.  
And you shall learn to reef and steer,  
And box the compass, too.  
So kiss the lass you love the best,  
Bid all your friends farewell,  
And of life upon the ocean  
Just take a little spell,  
Just take a little spell.  
Then give three cheers for a sailor's life,  
A life that's bold, a life that's bold and  
free;  
Then give three cheers for a sailor's life,  
And our home, our home on the bright  
blue sea.

### Chorus.

Then give three cheers for a sailor's life,  
A life that's bold, a life that's bold and  
free;  
Then give three cheers for a sailor's life,  
And our home, our home on the bright  
blue sea.

When sailing on the ocean wide,  
All care we leave behind.  
Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho.  
In every port a welcome glad  
The sailor's sure to find.  
In every port a welcome glad  
The sailor's sure to find.  
For every man will grasp your hand  
In friendship firm and true,  
And all the lasses love the lads  
That wear the jackets blue,  
That wear the jackets blue.  
Then give three cheers for a sailor's life,  
etc.

Chorus—Then give three cheers, etc.



CHAS. B. SUDBOROUGH.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE  
DEEP.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.  
I know thou wilt not slight my call,  
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall.  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath,  
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death,  
In ocean cave still safe with thee,  
The germ of immortality.  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.



LIEUT. LOYD G. HARRIS.

## THE OLD BRIGADE.

By LIEUT. LOYD G. HARRIS.

Oh, the days of long ago,  
When standing side by side,  
In serried ranks, the Old Brigade,  
Where heroes fought and died.

### Chorus.

The Old Brigade, the Old Brigade,  
Thy name shall live in story;  
'Till stars shall of their brightness fade,  
Time will not dim thy glory.           Cho.

On that fierce day at Groveton,  
Alas! how heroes fell;  
Gettysburg, Antietam,  
'Twas then that blood did tell.           Cho.

Feats of valor, flags unfurled,  
Their record grand was made;  
None other since the world began,  
Surpassed the Old Brigade.           Cho.





MAJOR CHAS. E. PEARCE.

## THE CANTEEN.

By "MILES O'REILLY."

There are bonds of all sorts in this world  
of ours,

Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,  
And true-lover's knot, I ween;

The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,  
But there's never a bond, old friend, like  
this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

The same canteen, my soldier friend,

The same canteen;

There's never a bond like this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,  
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk;

But whatever the tippie has been,  
We shared it together, in bane or in bliss,  
And I warm to you, friend, when I think  
of this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

Cho.

The rich and the great sit down to dine,  
And they quaff to each other in sparkling  
wine,

From glasses of crystal and green;  
But I guess in their golden potations they  
miss

The warmth of regard we find in this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

Cho.

We have shared our blankets and tents  
together,  
And have marched and fought, in all kinds  
of weather,  
And hungry and full we have been;  
Had days of battle and days of rest,  
But this memory I cling to and love the  
best,  
We have drunk from the same canteen.  
Cho.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,  
With my blood flowing fast and but little  
hope  
Upon which my faint spirit could lean;  
Oh! then, I remember, you crawled to my  
side,  
And, bleeding so fast, it seemed both must  
have died,  
We drank from the same canteen.  
Cho.

### GOOD NIGHT, LADIES.

Good night, ladies! good night, ladies!  
Good night, ladies! we're going to leave  
you now.  
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll  
along,  
Merrily we roll along, over the deep blue  
sea!

## DAT WATER-MILLION.

Presented to the Singing School  
by GEN. JOHN GIBBON.

Oh, see dat water-million, a smilin' fro' de  
fence,  
How I wish dat water-million it was mine.  
Oh, de white folks mus' be foolish, dey need  
a heap ob sense,  
Or dey'd nebber leave it dar upon de vine.

### Chorus.

Oh, de ham-bone am sweet, an' de bacon  
am good,  
An' de possum fat am berry, berry fine,  
But gib me, yes, gib me, oh how I wish you  
would,  
Dat water-million growin' on de vine.

You may talk about de peaches, de apples  
an' de pears,  
And de 'simmons hangin' on de 'simmon  
tree.  
But, bless my heart, my honey, dat truck  
it ain't nowhere's,  
Oh, de water-million am de fruit for me.

When de dew-drops dey is fallin', dat  
million's gwine to cool,  
An' I know den it will eat most awful  
fine.  
So I's gwine to come and fetch it, or else  
I is a fool,  
If I leaves it dar a smilin' on de vine.

Some day I's gwine to glory, whar de good  
old darkies go,  
An' wear a crown a shinin' like a star.  
I'll sit down by de ribber, an' eat forever  
mo'  
Dem millions wid de angels over dar.



LIEUT. J. C. PARKER.

### BENNY HAVENS, O!

Come fill your glasses, comrades,  
And stand up in a row,  
For to singing sentimentally  
We're going for to go.  
In the army there's sobriety,  
Promotion's very slow,  
So we'll sigh our reminiscences  
Of Benny Havens, O!

#### Chorus.

Of Benny Havens, O!  
Of Benny Havens, O!  
We'll sigh our reminiscences  
Of Benny Havens, O!

Pour forth a full libation now,  
To Farragut the brave,  
The idol of the navy, and  
The ruler of the wave;  
He's gone aloft, lashed in his shroud,  
Where soon we all must go,  
He's waiting there to welcome us,  
With Benny Havens, O!                      Cho.

We'll cherish in our mem'ry green,  
The gallant Sedgwick's name,  
He's wearing now the fadeless wreath  
Of imperishable fame;  
He'll waken when the reveille,  
Shall summon friend and foe,  
To everlasting brotherhood  
With Benny Havens, O!                      Cho.

With wreath of immortelle, the grave  
 Of Sumner's fitly crowned,  
 As through the echoing halls of time  
 His glories still resound;  
 The page of truthful history,  
 Fresh honors will bestow,  
 He'll, hand in hand, by Reynolds stand,  
 With Benny Havens, O!           Cho.

While gathered at the festive board,  
 To McPherson, honor be;  
 The army of the Cumberland  
 And of the Tennessee.  
 The broad Potomac, with their flood,  
 Unite in loving flow,  
 A mighty tide of comradeship,  
 With Benny Havens, O!           Cho.

#### DIXIE.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,  
 Old times dar am not forgotten;  
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie  
 Land!  
 In Dixie Land whar I was born in,  
 Early on one frosty mornin';  
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie  
 Land!

#### Chorus.

Den I wish I was in Dixie! hooray! hooray!  
 In Dixie Land I'll took my stand, to lib  
 and die in Dixie!  
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"  
 Willium was a gay deceaber;  
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie  
 Land!  
 But, when he put his arm aroun' 'er,  
 He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder;  
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie  
 Land!

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie! etc.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver,  
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;  
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie  
Land!

Old missus acted de foolish part,  
And died for a man that broke her heart;  
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie  
Land!

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie! etc.

Now here's a health to the next old  
missus.

And all de gals dat want to kiss us;  
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie  
Land!

But, if you want to drive 'way sorrow,  
Come and hear dis song to-morrow;  
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie  
Land!

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie! etc.

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter,  
Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie  
Land!

Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,  
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble;  
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie  
Land!

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie! etc.



SURGEON R. J. HILL.

### I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,  
No more I'se gwine to wander;  
My heart's turned back to Dixie,  
I can't stay here no longer.  
I miss de old plantation,  
My home and my relation,  
My heart's turned back to Dixie,  
And I must go.

#### Chorus.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,  
I'se gwine back to Dixie,  
I'se gwine where the orange blossoms grow.  
For I hear the children calling,  
I see their sad tears falling,  
My heart's turned back to Dixie,  
And I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton,  
I've worked upon the river;  
I used to think if I got off  
I'd go back there—no never!  
But time has changed the old man,  
His head is bending low,  
His heart's turned back to Dixie,  
And he must go.

Cho.

I'm trav'ling back to Dixie—  
My step is slow and feeble;  
I pray the Lord to help me  
And lead me from all evil.  
And should my strength forsake me,  
Then, kind friends, come and take me,  
My heart's turned back to Dixie,  
And I must go.

Cho.

## KINGDOM COMING.

Say, darkies, hab you seen old massa,  
Wid de muffstash on his face,  
Go 'long de road some time dis mornin',  
Like he gwine to leab de place?  
He seen a smoke, way up de ribber,  
Where de Linkum gunboats lay;  
He took his hat, an' lef' berry sudden,  
An' I spec he's run away!

Chorus.

De massa run! Ha, ha!  
De darky stay! Ho, ho!  
It mus' be now de kingdom comin',  
An' de year ob Jubilo!

He six foot one way, four foot tudder,  
An' he way tree hundred pound;  
His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor  
An' it won't go half way round.  
He drill so much, dey call him Cap'n;  
An' he get so drefful tann'd,  
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees  
For to tink he's contraband.

Chorus—De massa run! etc.

De darkies feel so lonesome libbing  
In de log house on de lawn,  
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor  
For to keep it while he's gone.  
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,  
An' de darkies dey'll hab some;  
I spoce dey'll all be confiscated,  
When de Linkum sojers come.

Chorus—De massa run! etc.

De oberseer he make us trouble,  
An' he dribe us round a spell;  
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,  
Wid de key trown down de well.  
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken,  
But de massa'll hab his pay;  
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to  
know better,  
Dan to went an' run away.

Chorus—De massa run! etc.



## SUWANEE RIVER.

'Way down upon the Suwanee ribber, far,  
far away,  
Dere's wha' my heart is turning eber, dere's  
wha' de old folks stay.  
All up and down the whole creation sadly  
I roam,  
Still longing for de old plantation, and for  
de old folks at home.

### Chorus.

All de world am sad and dreary, ebery-  
where I roam,  
O, darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered when  
I was young,  
Den many happy days I squandered, many  
de songs I sung.  
When I was playing wid my brudder, happy  
was I,  
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder, dere  
let me live and die.                      Cho.

One little hut among de bushes, one dat I  
love,  
Still sadly to my memory rushes, no matter  
where I rove.  
When will I see de bees a-humming all  
round de comb?  
When will I hear de banjo tumming, down  
in my good old home?                      Cho.



MAJOR AMOS M. THAYER.

### MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in our old Kentucky  
home.

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;  
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in  
the bloom,

While the birds make music all the day.  
The young folks roll on the little cabin  
floor,

All merry, all happy and bright;  
By'n by Hard Times comes a-knocking at  
the door:

Then, my old Kentucky home, good-  
night!

#### Chorus.

Weep no more, my lady!  
Oh, weep no more to-day!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky  
home,  
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and  
the coon

On the meadow, the hill and the shore;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the  
moon,

On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the  
heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkies have  
to part;  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-  
night!

Chorus—Weep no more, etc.

The head must bow and the back will bend,  
Wherever the darky may go;  
A few more days, and the trouble all will  
end  
In the fields where the sugar canes grow;  
A few more days for to tote the weary  
load—  
No matter, 'twill never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the road;  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-  
night!

Chorus—Weep no more, etc.



COL. JAS. O. CHURCHILL.

### IN THE LOUISIANA LOWLANDS.

Way down in Louisiana, not many years  
ago,  
There lived a colored gemblum—his name  
was Pompey Snow;  
He played upon de banjo and on de tam-  
borine,  
And for rattling ob de bones he was de  
greatest eber seen  
In the Louisiana lowlands, lowlands,  
lowlands,  
In the Louisiana lowlands low.

Repeat.

One night old Pompey started off to play  
for Caesar Clum,  
But afore he went he fortified with a good,  
stout glass of rum;  
When on the road he thought he saw a  
darker tall and grim,  
So Pompey laid de banjo down to break de  
darker's shin. Cho.

Says he, "Old chap, just move along, or  
else I'll spile your face!"  
But de darker didn't care a straw nor stir  
from out his place;  
So Pompey lowered his wooly head and  
gave him a blow—cachunk!  
But for once he made a sad mistake—'twas  
nothing but a stump. Cho.

The stump it proved a little hard—too hard  
for Pompey's wool,  
For when he struck, the hickory knot went  
through the darker's skull.  
Wid his banjo lying by his side, they found  
poor Pompey dead—  
De fust nigger eber known to die by de  
breaking of his head. Cho.



LIEUT. COLONEL GEO. D. REYNOLDS.

### KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OB DE ROAD.

I hear dem angels calling loud,  
Keep in de middle ob de road;  
Dey're a-waiting in dar in a great big  
crowd,  
Keep in de middle ob de road.

I see dem stand 'round de big white gate,  
We must trabble along 'fore we get too late,  
For 'taint no use to sit down and wait;  
Keep in de middle of de road.

#### Chorus.

Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road,  
Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road,  
Don't you  
Look to de right, don't you look to de left,  
But keep in de middle ob de road.  
Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road,  
Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road,  
Don't you  
Look to de right, don't you look to de left,  
But keep in de middle ob de road.

Dis world am full ob sinful things,  
Keep in de middle ob de road.  
When de feet gets tired put on de wings,  
Keep in de middle ob de road.  
If you lay down on de road to die,  
And you watch dem angels in de sky,  
You can put on your wings, and git up and  
fly;  
Keep in de middle ob de road.

Chorus—Den, children, keep in de middle  
ob de road, etc.

I ain't got time for to stop and talk,  
Keep in de middle ob de road.  
Kase de road am rough and its hard to  
walk,  
Keep in de middle ob de road.  
Just fix your eyes on de golden stair,  
And keep on gwine 'till you git dere;  
You're head am bound a crown for to wear,  
Keep in de middle ob de road.

Chorus—Den, children, keep in de middle  
ob de road, etc.

### GO DOWN, MOSES.

When Israel was in Egypt's land;  
Let my people go,  
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,  
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses,  
Way down in Egypt land,  
Tell ole Pharaoh,  
Let my people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,  
Let my people go;  
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,  
Let my people go. Cho.

When Israel out of Egypt came,  
Let my people go;  
And left the proud oppressors' land,  
Let my people go. Cho.

'Twas good old Moses and Aaron, too.  
Let my people go;  
'Twas they that led the armies through,  
Let my people go. Cho.

The Lord told Moses what to do,  
Let my people go;  
To lead the children of Israel through,  
Let my people go. Cho.

As Israel stood by the water side,  
Let my people go;  
At the command of God it did divide,  
Let my people go. Cho.

When they had reached the other shore,  
Let my people go;  
They sang a song of triumph o'er,  
Let my people go. Cho.

## DRINKING SONG.

Words by EUGENE FIELD.

Music by E. V. MCINTYRE.

Come, brothers, share the fellowship we  
celebrate to-night,  
There's grace of song on every lip, and  
every heart is light;  
But first before our mentor chimes the hour  
of jubilee,  
Let's drink the health of good old times  
and good times yet to be.

### Chorus.

Clink, clink, clink, merrily let us drink,  
There's store of wealth and more of health  
in every glass we think,  
Clink, clink, clink, merrily let us drink,  
There's fellowship in every sip of friend-  
ships brew we think.

And you, oh friends, from west and east,  
and other foreign parts,  
Come share the rapture of our feast, the  
love of loyal hearts,  
And in the wassail that suspends all matters  
burthen-some,  
We'll drink a health to good old friends and  
good friends yet to come.

### Chorus.

Clink, clink, clink, merrily let us drink,  
There's store of wealth and more of health  
in every glass we think,  
Clink, clink, clink, merrily let us drink,  
There's fellowship in every sip of friend-  
ships brew we think.



MAJOR H. L. MORRILL.

### HEAR DEM BELLS.

We goes to church in de early morn,  
When de birds am singin' on de trees;  
Sometimes dese close am werry much worn,  
But we wears dem out at de knees;  
At night, when de moon am a-shinin' bright,  
And de clouds hab passed away,  
Dem bells keep a-ringin' for de Gospel fight  
Dat will last till de judgment day.

#### Chorus.

Hear dem bells; don't you hear dem bells?  
Dey's a-ringin' out de glory ob de lamb;  
Hear dem bells; don't you hear dem bells?  
Dey's a-ringin' out de glory ob de lamb.

De church am old and de benches worn,  
De Bible am a-gittin' hard to read,  
But de spirit am dar, as sure as you're born,  
Which is all de comfort we need;  
We sing and shout wid all our might,  
To keep away de cold;  
Dem bells keep a-ringin' out de Gospel light  
Till de story of de lamb am told.

#### Chorus—Hear dem bells, etc.

All day we work in de cotton and de corn,  
Wid feet and hands so sore,  
A prayin' for Gabriel to blow his horn,  
So we don't have to work no more.  
I hear dem chariots comin' dis way,  
An' I know dey's comin' for me,  
So ring dem bells till de judgment day,  
An' de land dat I'se gwine for to see.



## WE ARE THE BOYS.

'Twas side by side as comrades dear,  
In dark days long ago,  
We fought the fight without a fear,  
And rendered blow for blow.  
In battle, march, or prison pen,  
Each unto each was true,  
As beardless boys become strong men,  
And brav'd the long war thro'.

### Chorus.

We are the boys, the gay old boys,  
Who marched in sixty-one;  
We'll ne'er forget old times, my boys,  
When you and I were young.

And tho' thro' all these years of peace,  
We've somewhat older grown,  
The spirit of those early days  
We'll ever proudly own.  
Our grand old flag is just as fair  
As in the trying time  
When traitors sought its folds to tear,  
And we suppressed the crime.

Chorus—We are the boys, etc.

What if grim age creeps on apace,  
Our souls shall not grow old,  
But we will stand as in the days  
When we were warriors bold.  
We stood for right—for our dear land,  
For home and all that's true,  
So firmly clasp hand unto hand,  
And comradeship renew.

Chorus—We are the boys, etc.

## THE REGULAR ARMY, O!

Three years ago, this very day, we went to  
Governor's Isle  
For to stand forinst the cannon, in true  
military style;  
Siventeen American dollars each month we  
surely get  
For to carry a gun and bagnet with a regi-  
mental step.  
We had our choice of going to the army  
or to jail,  
Or it's up the Hudson river, with a copper,  
take a sail.

Oh, we puckered up our courage, with  
bravery we did go;  
Oh, we cursed the day we went away wid  
the Regular Army, O!

Chorus.

There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-fe-ry,  
And Captain Don-a-hue;  
Oh, they make us march and toe the mark,  
In gallant "Company Q;"  
Oh, the drums may roll, upon me soul  
This is the way we'd go—  
Forty miles a day, on beans and hay,  
In the Regular Army, O!

We went to Arizony, for to fight the Injuns  
there;  
Came near being made bald-headed, but  
they never got our hair;  
We lay among the ditches in the yellow,  
dirty mud,  
And we never saw an onion, a turnip, or a  
spud.  
Oh, we were taken prisoners, conveyed  
forninst the Chafe;  
Oh, he said, "We'll make an Irish stew!"  
the dirty Indian thafe.  
On the telegraphic wire we walked to  
Mexico;  
We bless the day we skipped away from  
the Regular Army, O!

Chorus—There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-  
fe-ry, etc.

We've corns upon our heels, my boys, and  
bunions on our toes;  
While lugging a gun in the red-hot sun  
puts freckles upon our nose.  
England has its Gren-a-diers, France has  
its Zoo-zoos,  
The U. S. A. never changes, they say, but  
continually wear the blues.  
When we are out upon parade, we must  
have our muskets bright,  
Or they'll slap us in the guard-house to  
pass away the night.  
And, when we want a furlough, to the  
Colonel we do go;  
He says, Go to bed, and wait till you're  
dead in the Regular Army, O!

Chorus—There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-  
fe-ry, etc.

## THADDY O'BRIEN.

By CAPTAIN W. R. HODGES.

Air: Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay.

Thaddy O'Brien was a sergeant gay,  
In the U. S. Calvary;  
The fresh recruit would often say,  
"I earnestly long to see the day,  
When 'neath the sod he's put to stay,  
That son-of-a-gun from Dublin Bay,  
That sergeant with the 'suparior' way,  
My life's a burden every day."

Chorus.

Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay,  
Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay,  
Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay,  
Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay.

Too long were the trousers by a span,  
The recruit received from Uncle Sam,  
The sergeant bawls as loud as he can,  
"Go and let out yer suspinders, man!"  
The hat he drew was much too small,  
And failed to stay on his head at all,  
"Stretch it, ye spalpeen!" Thaddy would call,  
"Ye'll niver be a throoper at all!" Cho.

Now Michael Flynn, a soger bold,  
At the bivouac fire this dream once told,  
"I thought I was dead, to the gates of gold  
Me spirit flew like the saints of old,  
They opened the dure and in I wint,  
St. Peter didn't ask for a squint,  
At me discharge from the rigimint,  
Or where I had served, divil a hint." Cho.

"An Irish angel tuk me in hand  
To show the sights of that beautiful land,  
He'd been a soger wid plenty of sand,  
Killed by the divils of Sittin' Bull's band,—  
The first thing he said—I thought he was  
lying—  
'Of coorse ye'd loike to meet Sergeant  
O'Brien,  
Ye'll find him in there wid other galoots,  
Ishooin halos to the recroots.'" Cho.

"In the ortherly room a blazin' wid light  
Was Thaddy O'Brien, a beautiful sight,  
A corpral to help on the left and the right  
Ishooin halos in a manner polite.  
He handed me mine, I saw 'twas too small,  
I gave it him back and Thaddy did bawl  
In a voice so terrific 'twas a terror to all,  
'Stretch it, ye blackguard, or have none at  
all!'" Cho.

## BABYLON IS FALLEN.

Don't you see de black clouds  
Rising ober yonder,  
Whar de massa's ole plantation am?  
Nebber you be frightened,  
Dem is only darkies,  
Come to jine and fight for Uncle Sam.

### Chorus.

Look out dar, now!  
We's a-gwine to shoot!  
Look out dar—don't you understand!  
Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!  
And we's a-gwine to occupy de land.

Don't you see de lightin'  
Flashing in de cane-brake,  
Like as if we gwine to hab a storm?  
No, you is mistaken;  
'Tis de darkies' bay'nets  
An' de buttons on dar uniform.      Cho.

Way up in de cornfield,  
Whar you hear de tunder,  
Dar is our ole forty-pounder gun;  
When de shells are missin'  
Den we load wid punkins—  
All de same to make de rebels run.      Cho.

Massa was de Kernel  
In de rebel army  
Eber since he went an' run away;  
But his lubly darkies  
Dey has been a-watchin'  
An' dey take him pris'ner tudder day.      Cho.

We will be de massa,  
He will be de servant—  
Try him how he like it for a spell;  
So we crack de butt'nuts,  
So we take de kernel,  
So de cannon carry back de shell.      Cho.

## DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS.

Oh, my golden slippers am laid away,  
Kase I don't spect to wear 'em till my  
weddin' day,  
An' my long-tail'd coat, dat I love so well,  
I will wear up in de chariot in de morn;  
An' my long white robe dat I bought last  
June,  
I'm gwine to get changed, kase it fits too  
soon,  
An' de ole gray horse dat I used to drive  
I will hitch up to de chariot in de morn.

### Chorus.

Oh, dem golden slippers! oh, dem golden  
slippers!  
Golden slippers I'm gwine to wear, be-  
kase dey look so neat;  
Oh, dem golden slippers! oh, dem golden  
slippers!  
Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear, to  
walk de golden street.

Oh, my ole banjo hangs on the wall,  
Kase it æin't been tuned since way last fall,  
But de darks æll say we will hab a good  
time  
When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.  
Dar's ole Brudder Ben and Sister Luce,  
Dey will telegraph de news to Uncle Bacco  
Juice;  
What a great camp-meetin' dar will be dat  
day,  
When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.

Chorus—Oh, dem golden slippers, etc.

So, it's good-by, children; I will have to go  
Whar de rain don't fall or der wind don't  
blow;  
An' yer ulster coats, why yer will not need  
When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn;  
But yer golden slippers must be nice and  
clean,  
An' yer souls just free from all dat's mean,  
An' yer white kid gloves yer will have to  
wear  
When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.

Chorus—Oh, dem golden slippers, etc.

IN THE MORNING BY THE BRIGHT  
LIGHT.

My old massa promised me—  
Chil'ren, chil'ren, won't you follow me?  
That when he died he'd set me free.  
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

Chorus.

In the morning, in the morning by the  
bright light,  
When Gabriel blows his trumpet in the  
morning.

(Repeat.)

I went to de ribber, and I couldn't get  
across,  
Chil'ren, chil'ren, won't you follow me?  
I jumped on a nigger, and I thought it was  
a hoss.  
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!                      Cho.

What kind of shoes do de angels wear?  
Chil'ren, chil'ren, won't you follow me?  
Don't wear any, for dey walk upon de air.  
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!                      Cho.

I was out in the garden, picking peas;  
Chil'ren, chil'ren, won't you follow me?  
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze.  
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!                      Cho.

Bullfrog sitting on the railroad track,  
Chil'ren, chil'ren, won't you follow me?  
Picking his teeth with a carpet tack.  
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!                      Cho.

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;  
From the silence of sorrowful hours  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe.

Chorus.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the roses the blue,  
Under the lilies the gray.

So, with an equal splendor,  
The morning sun rays fall,  
With a touch impartially tender  
On the blossoms blooming for all;  
So sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done;  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won.

Chorus.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the blossoms the blue,  
Under the garlands the gray.

So, when the summer calleth,  
On forest and field of grain,  
With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain;  
No more shall the war cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever  
When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Chorus.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Love and tears for the blue,  
Tears and love for the gray.



MAJOR J. G. BUTLER.

### OLD NOAH.

Bress de Lord, I see old Noah!  
Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!  
Bress de Lord, I see old Noah!  
Hal-la-lu-YAH!

How d'ye know dat dat is Noah?  
Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!  
How d'ye know dat dat is Noah?  
Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Kase I seed him in his ark.  
Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!  
Bekase I seed him in his ark.  
Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Bress de Lord, I see old 'Lijah!  
Etc., etc.

How d'ye know dat dat is 'Lijah?  
Etc., etc.

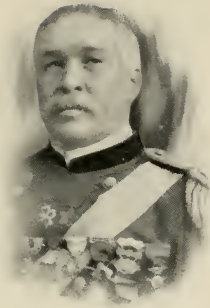
Kase I seed him in his chariot.  
Etc., etc.

Bress de Lord, I'se gwine to glory!  
Etc., etc.

How d'ye know dat ye's gwine to glory?  
Etc., etc.

Kase I feels it in my bones.  
Etc., etc.





LIEUT. GEN. S. B. M. YOUNG.

### GO 'WAY, OLE MAN.

I'll build me a little house, on the mountain  
so high,  
And gaze on my true love, as she do pass  
by.

#### Chorus.

Go 'way ole man, and let me alone,  
For I am a stranger, and a long way from  
home. (Repeat.)

And she do look sweet, like de rose on de  
vine,  
Lord love dat lub-ly lady, what dwells in  
my mind. Cho.

Her eyes sparkle like a diamond, like a  
bright mornin' star,  
Her cheeks are so lub-ly, her face is so  
fair. Cho.

S'posin' I was to go to New Orleans, and  
take sick and die,  
Like flies in de country, my spirit would  
fly. Cho.

Come back here to me, while de pumpkins  
am in bloom,  
And de hummin' birds am a singin' in de  
bright day of June. Cho.

## OLD SHADY.

Yah! yah! yah! come laugh wid me;  
De white folks say Old Shady am free;  
I 'spect de year of ju-bi-lee  
    Am a-coming, am a-coming.  
    Hail! mighty day.

### Chorus.

Den away! den away! I can't stay here no  
    longer;  
Den away! den away! for I am going home.  
Den away! den away! for I can't stay here  
    no longer,  
Den away! den away! for I am going home.  
Good-by, Massa Jeff. Good-by, Massa  
    Stephens.

'Scuse dis niggah for takin' his leavin's;  
I 'spect by-and-by you'll see Uncle Abraham  
    A-coming, a-coming.  
    Hail! mighty day. Cho.

Good-by, hard work widout any pay;  
I'se going up North, where de white folks  
    say  
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day  
    Am a-coming, am a-coming.  
    Hail! mighty day. Cho.

Get up, old Sambo, and blow de horn.  
Don't you see de dust raising ober de corn?  
Dat's Sherman's Bummers, sure's I'm born,  
    A-coming, a-coming.  
    Hail! mighty day. Cho.

Oh! I'se got a wife an' a nice little baby,  
Way up North in the Lower Canady;  
Won't they shout when they see Old Shady  
    A-coming, a-coming.  
    Hail! mighty day. Cho.

Oh! here's to General Grant, de brave and  
    true!  
He captured Vicksburg and Richmond, too;  
He made de rebels think de very devil in  
    blue  
Was a-coming, was a-coming.  
    Hail! mighty day. Cho.

## MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

GEN. H. C. KING.

Air: "Rally Round the Flag."

Mary had a little lamb;  
'Twas always on the go,  
Cho.—Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;  
So she staked it on the grassy slope  
Along the Shenando',  
Cho.—Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;

Full Chorus.

Hurrah! for the Mary; hurrah! for the  
lamb;  
Hurrah! for the sojers, who didn't care a  
——(ahem!)  
And we'll rally round the flag, boys; we'll  
rally once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

And frequently she turned it loose,  
Upon the bank to play. Cho.  
The soldiers eyed it from the shore  
In a kleptomaniac way. Cho.

"What makes the men love mutton so?"  
The colonel he did cry. Cho.  
"Cause mutton makes the whiskers grow,"  
The sojers did reply. Cho.

It swam across the Shenando';  
Our pickets saw it, too; Cho.  
And speedily it simmered down  
Into a mutton stew. Cho.

And Mary never more did see  
Her darling little lamb, Cho.  
For the boys in blue they "chawed" it up,  
And didn't care a —— Cho.

## ALL SHOUT FOR MISSOURI.

By LIEUT. LOYD G. HARRIS.

Missouri am a gran' ole State,  
All shout for Missouri.  
Illinois, her running mate,  
We're a happy band,  
We'se got de climate an' de land,  
All shout for Missouri.  
An' we am all a happy band,  
We'se a happy band.

Chorus.

Sing on, sing on, sing on, all shout for  
Missouri;  
Sing on, sing on, she's a happy land.  
Sing on, sing on, sing on, all shout for  
Missouri;  
Sing on, sing on, she's a happy land.

St. Louis am a solid town,  
All shout for Missouri.  
Always got ole hard times down,  
We're a happy band.  
St. Louis gals am hard to beat,  
All shout for Missouri.  
Dress so well an' look so neat.

Chorus—Sing on, sing on, etc.

WHEN THEY RING THE GOLDEN  
BELLS FOR YOU AND ME.

There's a land beyond the river  
That we call the sweet forever,  
And we only reach that shore by faith's  
decree.

One by one we'll gain the portals,  
There to dwell with the immortals,  
When they ring the golden bells for you  
and me.

Chorus.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing?  
Don't you hear the angels singing?  
'Tis the glory hal-le-lu-jah jubilee,  
In that far off sweet forever, just beside  
the shining river,  
Where they ring the golden bells for you  
and me.

We shall know no sin nor sorrow  
In that haven of to-morrow,  
When our barque shall sail beyond the  
silver sea;

We shall only know the blessings  
Of our Father's sweet caressings,  
When they ring the golden bells for you  
and me.

Chorus.

When our days shall know their number,  
When in death we sweetly slumber;  
When our King commands the spirit to be  
free;

Never more by anguish laden,  
We shall reach that lovely aiden,  
When they ring the golden bells for you  
and me.

MEDLEY No. 1.

I can't wake 'em up, I can't wake 'em up,  
I can't wake 'em up in the morning;  
I can't wake 'em up, I can't wake 'em up,  
I can't wake 'em up at all.

The corporal's worse than the private,  
The sergeant's worse than the corporal,  
The lieutenant's worse than the sergeant,  
But the captain's worst of all.

Oh, I can't wake 'em up, I can't wake 'em  
up,

I can't wake 'em up in the morning;  
I can't wake 'em up, I can't wake 'em up,  
I can't wake 'em up at all.

It's a way we have in the army, a way we  
have in the army;

A way we have in the army to drive dull  
care away.

To drive dull care away, to drive dull care  
away,

It's a way we have in the army, to drive dull  
care away.

Oh, Aunt Jemimy! Oh, Aunt Jemimy!

Oh, Aunt Jemimy! oh, ho, oh!

Oh, Aunt Jemimy! Oh, Aunt Jemimy!

Oh, Aunt Jemimy! oh, ho, oh!

The noble Duke of York had ten thousand  
men,

He marched 'em up the hill and marched  
'em down again.

For when you're up you're up, and when  
you're down, you're down,

But when you're only half way up, you're  
neither up nor down.

The Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal  
Legionier,

The Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal  
Legionier,

He takes a drink when he is asked

Of whiskey, wine or beer.

A gay and festive soger is the Loyal  
Legionier.

The Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal Legionier,

The Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal Legionier,

He takes a drink when he is asked.



CAPTAIN GEO. T. CRAM.

## JOHN MORGAN.

John Morgan's at your stable door;  
Where's your mule? oh, where's your mule?  
John Morgan's at your stable door;  
Where's your mule? oh, where's your mule?  
You'll never see that mule no more—  
He'll ride him till his back is sore,  
And leave him at some stranger's door,—  
There's your mule! oh, there's your mule!  
They've stole that mule of mine away,  
And marked his back with C. S. A.  
He'll come again, some other day,  
There's your mule! oh, there's your mule!  
The mule is back, we hear his bray,  
John Morgan's gone, and gone to stay  
The country's safe, hooray! hooray!!  
Here's your mule! oh, here's your mule!  
For him we've naught but words of praise,  
This relic of our war-time days,  
To him a monument we'll raise,  
There's your mule! oh, there's your mule!

## MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe!  
Meerschaum pipe!

Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe!  
Meerschaum pipe!

Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe!  
Meerschaum pipe!

When I am far away?

Chorus.

Allie-Bazoo-Bazee-Bazan!  
From Kal-a-ma-zoo in Mich-i-gan!  
Bad man!

Oh! who will use my green umbrella!  
Green umbrella!

Oh! who will use my green umbrella!  
Green umbrella!

Oh! who will use my green umbrella!  
Green umbrella!

When I am far away?

Chorus—Allie-Bazoo, etc.

Oh! who will go to see my girl!  
See my girl!

Oh! who will go to see my girl!  
See my girl!

Oh! who will go to see my girl!  
See my girl!

When I am far away?

Chorus—Allie-Bazoo, etc.

Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips!  
Ruby lips!

Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips!  
Ruby lips!

Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips!  
Ruby lips!

When I am far away?

Chorus.

Some other man! Some other man!  
From Kal-a-ma-zoo in Mich-i-gan!  
Bad man!

## ILLINOIS.

Words by C. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Air : "Baby Mine."

By thy rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illinois.  
O'er thy prairies verdant growing, Illinois,  
Illinois,  
Comes an echo on the breeze, rustling thro'  
the leafy trees,  
And its mellow tones are these, Illinois,  
Illinois,  
And its mellow tones are these, Illinois.

From a wilderness of prairies, Illinois,  
Illinois,  
Straight thy way and never varies, Illinois,  
Illinois;  
Till upon the inland sea, stands thy great  
commercial tree,  
Turning all the world to thee, Illinois,  
Illinois,  
Turning all the world to thee, Illinois.

When your country heard you calling,  
Illinois, Illinois,  
Where the shot and shell were falling,  
Illinois, Illinois;  
When the Southern host withdrew, pitting  
gray against the blue,  
There were none more brave than you,  
Illinois, Illinois,  
There were none more brave than you,  
Illinois.

Not without thy wondrous story, Illinois,  
Illinois,  
Can be writ the nation's glory, Illinois,  
Illinois;  
On the record of the years, Abram Lincoln's  
name appears,  
Grant and Logan and our tears, Illinois,  
Illinois,  
Grant and Logan and our tears, Illinois.



## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of  
my childhood,

When fond recollections presents them  
to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled  
wildwood,

And every loved spot which my infancy  
knew!

The wide spreading pond, and the mill that  
stood by it;

The bridge, and the rock where the cat-  
aract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy house  
nigh it;

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in  
the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hung in  
the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a  
treasure—

For often at noon, when returned from  
the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite  
pleasure—

The purest and sweetest that nature can  
yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that  
were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom  
it fell!

Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-  
flowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from  
the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the  
well!

## JOE BOWERS—THE WARRIOR.

By CAPT. W. R. HODGES.

My name it is Joe Bowers, I've got a  
brother Ike,  
I came from old Missouri, all the way from  
Pike,  
If you'll listen to my story, I'll tell you  
every one  
How I went into the army in eighteen  
sixty-one.

I then did love a gal thar, they called her  
Sally Black,  
I asked her if she'd have me, and this she  
answered back:  
"You know I'm for the Union, for the  
Union to a man,  
Go jine the Eighth Missouri, and win me  
if you can."

Said I, "My dearest Sally, for you I'll to  
the wars,  
I'll jine the Eighth Missouri and down the  
Stars and Bars."  
Said she to me, "Joe Bowers, your cause  
you'll surely win;  
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain," she  
threw a dozen in.

Now when we reached Fort Henry, a shell  
burst o'er my head,  
I had such awful feelins, thinks I, "I'm  
surely dead,"  
But the thought of my dear Sally soon  
made them feelins git,  
"Twill never do, Joe Bowers," so I waded  
in and fit.

At Donelson and Shiloh, on Vicksburg's  
bloody heights,  
We had with them same Johnnies the  
toughest kind of fights,  
And when the war was over, and we  
thought our folks to see,  
Said I, "I've won my Sally, that's good  
enough for me."

Now Sal and I are gray, boys, and we have  
a youngster Ike,  
And he hails from old Missouri, all the way  
from Pike,  
And he is in the army, as his daddy used  
to be,  
A fighting for Old Glory, as we did—you  
and me.

And them old Johnny Rebs, boys, who went  
with Price from Pike,  
Their sons are in the regiment along with  
my boy, Ike,  
As loyal, true and brave, boys, as any in  
the land;  
They come from fighting stock, boys, just  
chock full up of sand.

People talk about expansion—that don't  
bother you and me—  
Increasing of the army, and ships upon the  
sea;  
We've got a great big nation, with a des-  
tiny to fill;  
Let's stand by Uncle Samuel, and do it  
with a will.

Repeat the last two lines of each verse as  
chorus.

PAT McCANN.

O, Pat McCann, in love he fell,  
Wid Judy O'Flynn, the Doublin Belle,  
And Judy loved Pat, (chorus) and both his  
    brothers,  
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

And Pat McCann, he up and swore  
He'd stand none of this troifling more;  
Nor only Pat, (chorus) but both his  
    brothers,  
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

And Judy O'Flynn, she said that she  
Had never seen men so contrairee,  
As Pat McCann, and (chorus) both his  
    brothers,  
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

And Pat McCann grew wan and thin,  
All for the love of Judy O'Flynn,  
Nor only Pat, but (chorus) both his  
    brothers,  
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

And Pat McCann he took to dhrink,  
And shtood one night on the river's brink,  
And in he plunged wid (chorus) both his  
    brothers,  
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

And Judy O'Flynn of all bereft,  
Now often thinks—alone she's left—  
Of Pat McCann, and (chorus) both his  
    brothers,  
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

Enough of woe and miseree;  
We'll drop the rag on this tragadee,  
Wid a tear for Pat, (chorus) and both his  
    brothers,  
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

'Twas OFF THE BLUE CANARIES.

'Twas off the blue Canary Isles, a glorious  
summer day,  
I sat upon the quarter deck, and whiffed  
my cares away;  
And as the volumed smoke arose, like in-  
cense in the air,  
I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth, it was  
my last cigar.

Chorus.

It was my last cigar, it was my last cigar,  
I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth, it was  
my last cigar.

I leaned upon the quarter rail, and looked  
down in the sea;  
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke was  
curling gracefully.  
Oh! what had I at such a time to do with  
wasting care?  
Alas! the trembling tear proclaimed, it was  
my last cigar.

Chorus—It was my last cigar, etc.

I watched the ashes as it came, fast draw-  
ing towards the end;  
I watched it as a friend would watch beside  
a dying friend;  
But still the flame crept slowly on; it van-  
ished into air;  
I threw it from me; spare the tale—it was  
my last cigar.

Chorus—It was my last cigar, etc.



T. M. WEBSTER.

### GOOD BY, MY LOVER, GOOD BY.

I saw the steamer come round the bend,  
Good by, my lover, good by;  
She's loaded down with boys and men,  
Good by, my lover, good by.

#### Chorus.

By, baby, by, oh,  
By, baby, by, oh,  
By, baby, by, oh,  
Good by, my lover, good by.

The river is up, the channel is deep,  
Good by, my lover, good by;  
Let the splash of your oars the music keep,  
Good by, my lover, good by.

#### Chorus—By, baby, etc.

I'll sing this song, I'll sing no more,  
Good by, my lover, good by;  
I'm off to-day for a foreign shore,  
Good by, my lover, good by.

#### Chorus—By, baby, etc.

Yes, I'll steer my bark to the evergreen  
shore,  
Good by, my lover, good by;  
We'll take one drink, we'll take no more,  
Good by, my lover, good by.

#### Chorus—By, baby, etc.



COL. CHARLES S. HILLS.

### OLD NOAH, HE DID BUILD AN ARK.

Old Noah, he did build an ark, he did he did.  
Old Noah, he did build an ark, he did he did.  
Old Noah, he did build an ark,  
And covered it over with hickory bark,  
And they all went into the ark  
For to keep out of the rain.  
And they all went into the ark  
For to keep out of the rain.

He marched the animals two by two, he  
did, he did.

He marched the animals two by two, he  
did, he did.

He marched the animals two by two,  
The elephant and the kangaroo,  
And they all went into the ark  
For to keep out of the rain.  
And they all went into the ark  
For to keep out of the rain.

He marched the animals three by three, he  
did, he did.

He marched the animals three by three, he  
did, he did.

He marched the animals three by three,  
The giraffe and the festive flea,  
And they all went into the ark  
For to get out of the rain.  
And they all went into the ark  
For to get out of the rain.

He marched the animals four by four, he  
did, he did.

He marched the animals four by four, he  
did, he did.

He marched the animals four by four,  
But the hippopotamus stuck in the door,  
And they all went into the ark  
For to get out of the rain.  
And they all went into the ark  
For to get out of the rain.



LIEUT. COL. GEORGE ROBINSON, CHAPLAIN U. S. ARMY.

### THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

There's music in the air when the infant  
morn is nigh,  
And faint its blush is seen on the bright  
and laughing sky;  
Many a harp's ecstatic sound, with its thrill  
of joy profound,  
While we list enchanted there to the music  
in the air.

There's music in the air when the noon-  
tide's sultry beam  
Reflects a golden light on the distant moun-  
tain stream;  
When beneath some grateful shade, sor-  
row's aching head is laid,  
Sweetly to the spirit there comes the music  
in the air.

There's music in the air when the twilight's  
gentle sigh  
Is lost on evening's breast, as its pensive  
beauties die;  
Then, oh! then, the loved ones gone wake  
the pure celestial song;  
Angel voices greet us there, in the music  
in the air.





COL. J. F. HOW.

### OLD BLACK JOE.

Gone are the days when my heart was young  
and gay,  
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields  
away,  
Gone from the earth to a better land, I  
know,  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black  
Joe."

Chorus.

I'se coming, I'se coming,  
For my head is bending low;  
I hear those gentle voices calling  
"Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel  
no pain?  
Why do I sigh that my friends come not  
again?  
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black  
Joe." Cho.



MAJOR H. D. WOOD.

### DARKIES ON THE LEVEE.

We are two happy darkies, from the sunny  
South we came,  
Oh, glory halle-lu-jah!  
We used to hoe de corn and plant de sugar  
cane,  
Oh, rocky my soul!

#### Chorus.

Then come along wid me, come along  
wid me;  
Shine on! shine on, my soul am gwine to  
jine de band!  
Shine on! shine on, my soul am gwine to  
jine de band!

My ole missus promised me, oh, glory  
halle-lu-jah!  
When she died she'd set me free, oh, rocky  
my soul!  
She lived so long dat her head got bal',  
oh, glory halle-lu-jah!  
We darkies didn't think she'd die at all,  
oh, rocky my soul!

Chorus—Then come along wid me, etc.

My ole massa lived in clover, oh, glory  
halle-lu-jah!  
When he died, he died all over, oh, rocky  
my soul!  
He rolled his eyes an' took a long breff,  
oh, glory halle-lu-jah!  
And skeered us darkies half to deff, oh,  
rocky my soul!

Chorus—Then come along wid me, etc.



LIEUT. CHAS. H. GLEASON.

### BLACK BRIGADE.

Dar's someting wrong a-brewin',  
Gwine to jine de Union!  
Dar's someting wrong a-brewin',  
Heigho! Heigho!  
We're on de brink ob ruin,  
Gwine to jine de Union!  
Aha! aha! de boys from Linkum Land!

#### Chorus.

Den harness up de mule,  
Be careful how ye whip;  
An' mind your eye—  
Sam Johnson am de Jigadier Brindle,  
We're de Black Brigade.  
Why don't you let her rip?  
Mind your eye, Sam Johnson am de man.

We am de snolly-gosters,  
Gwine to jine de Union!  
We am de snolly-gosters,  
Heigho! We go!  
An' Jim lubs ribber oysters,  
Gwine to jine de Union!  
Aha! aha! de boys from Linkum Land!

Chorus—Den harness up de mule, etc.

We'se gwine to fight de South, O!  
Gwine to jine de Union!  
We'se gwine to fight de South, O!  
Heigho! Heigho!  
All by de word ob de mouth, O!  
Gwine to jine de Union!  
Aha! aha! de boys from Linkum Land!

Chorus—Den harness up de mule, etc.

## DOWN WENT MCGINTY.

Sunday morning, just at nine, Dan McGinty  
dressed so fine,  
Stood looking at a very high stone wall,  
When his young friend Pat McCann, says,  
"I'll bet five dollars, Dan,  
That I'll carry you to the top without a  
fall."  
On his shoulders he took Dan, to climb the  
ladder he began,  
And he soon began to reach up near the  
top,  
When McGinty, cute old rogue, to win the  
five dollars he did let go,  
Without thinking just how far he'd have  
to drop.

### Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the  
wall,  
Although he won the five, he was more  
dead than alive,  
Sure, his ribs and nose and back were broke  
from getting such a fall,  
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

From the hospital Dan went home, when  
they fixed his broken bones,  
To find he was the father of a child;  
So to celebrate it right, his friends he did  
invite,  
And soon was drinking whiskey fast and  
wild.  
Then he waddled down the street, in his  
Sunday suit so neat,  
Holding up his head so high as John the  
Great,  
But in the sidewalk was a hole, to receive  
a ton of coal,  
Which McGinty did not see until too late.

### Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the  
hole,  
Then the driver of the cart gave the load  
of coal a start,  
And it took us half an hour to dig McGinty  
from the coal,  
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Then McGinty raved and swore, about his  
clothes he felt so sore,  
And an oath he took he'd kill that man  
or die;  
So he tightly grabbed his stick, and hit the  
man a lick,  
And raised a little shanty on his eye.  
Two policemen saw the fuss, and they soon  
joined in the muss,  
And ran McGinty in for being drunk;  
And the judge said with a smile, "We'll  
keep you for awhile,  
In a cell to sleep upon a prison bunk."

Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the  
jail,  
Where his board would cost him nix, and  
he stayed exactly six;  
They were six long months he stopped, for  
no one went his bail,  
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Now McGinty thin and pale, one fine day  
got out of jail,  
And with joy to see his boy was nearly  
wild;  
To his home he quickly ran, to see his wife  
Bedalia Ann,  
But she skipped away and took along the  
child;  
Then he gave up in despair, and madly  
pulled his hair,  
As he stood one day upon the river shore,  
Knowing well he couldn't swim, he foolishly  
jumped in,  
Although water he had never took before.

Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the  
say,  
And he must be very wet, for they haven't  
found him yet;  
But they say his ghost comes round the  
docks before the break of day,  
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

NELLIE WAS A LADY.

Down on the Mississippi floating,  
Long time I've trabbled o'er the way;  
All night de cottonwood I'se toting,  
Singing for true lub all the day.

Chorus.

Oh, Nellie was a lady, last night she died,  
Toll de bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginia  
bride.

Oh, Nellie was a lady, last night she died,  
Toll de bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginia  
bride.

Now I'se unhappy and I'se weeping,  
Can't tote de cottonwood no more;  
Last night when Nellie was a sleeping,  
Death came a knocking at the door.

Chorus.

Nellie was a lady, she was, last night she  
died, she did.

Toll the bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginia  
bride, she was.

Nellie was a lady, she was, last night she  
died, she did.

Toll the bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginia  
bride, she was.

## THE MIDSHIPMITE.

'Twas a 'fifty-five, on a winter's night,  
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
We'd got the Rooshan lines in sight,  
When up comes a little midshipmite,  
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
"Who'll go ashore to-night," says he,  
"An' spike their guns along wi' me?"  
"Why, bless 'ee, sir, come along," says we.

### Chorus.

Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
With a long, long pull,  
An' a strong, strong pull,  
Gaily boys, on make her go,  
An' we'll drink to-night  
To the midshipmite,  
Singing cheerily, lads, yo ho!

We launched the cutter and shoved her out,  
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
The lubbers might ha' heard us shout,  
As the Middy cried, "Now, my lads, put  
about!"  
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
We made for the guns an' we rammed 'em  
tight,  
But the musket shots came left and right,  
And down drops the poor little midshipmite.

"I am done for now; good-by!" says he,  
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
"You'll make for the boat, never mind me!"  
"We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die!" says we,  
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
So we hoisted him in, in a terrible plight,  
And we pulled, ev'ry man with all his might,  
And we saved the poor little midshipmite.

## SOLDIER'S SONG.

Air: "Cooper's Chorus."

The days they pass, the years they go, 'tis  
our delight,  
To keep our voices ringing, in tuneful  
measure singing,  
And then our tra la la la turns back old  
time, hurrah!

Tra la la la la la la oi-o-he,  
Oi-o-ha, la la la la lala la la tra la la la  
tra la la la!  
We think of long ago, when soldiering we  
did go,  
At reveille we'd hear, the drummer far and  
near,  
His drum he'd pound, and pound and pound,  
in all the camps around.  
Bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti,  
bum-ti, bum-ti ra-pa-ta,  
Bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti,  
bum-ti, bum-ti bum.

Therefore the soldier, of all men, he the  
happiest man can be.  
Therefore the soldier, of all men, he the  
happiest man can be.

While time it flies our hearts are young,  
they should be so;  
What joys the years are bringing, what  
mem'ries to us clinging,  
Our merry tra la la la means happiness,  
hurrah!

Tra la la la la la la oi-o-he,  
Oi-o-ha, la la la la lala la la tra la la la  
tra la la la!  
We think of long ago, when soldiering we  
did go,  
At reveille we'd hear, the drummer far and  
near,  
His drum he'd pound, and pound and pound,  
in all the camps around.  
Bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti,  
bum-ti, bum-ti bum!

Therefore the soldier, of all men, he the  
happiest man can be.  
Therefore the soldier, of all men, he the  
happiest man can be.



## AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' auld lang syne?

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne;  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes  
And pu't the gowans fine;  
But we've wandered mony a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn  
Frae mornin' sun till line;  
But seas between us braid ha'e roared  
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gi'e's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,  
For auld lang syne.

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

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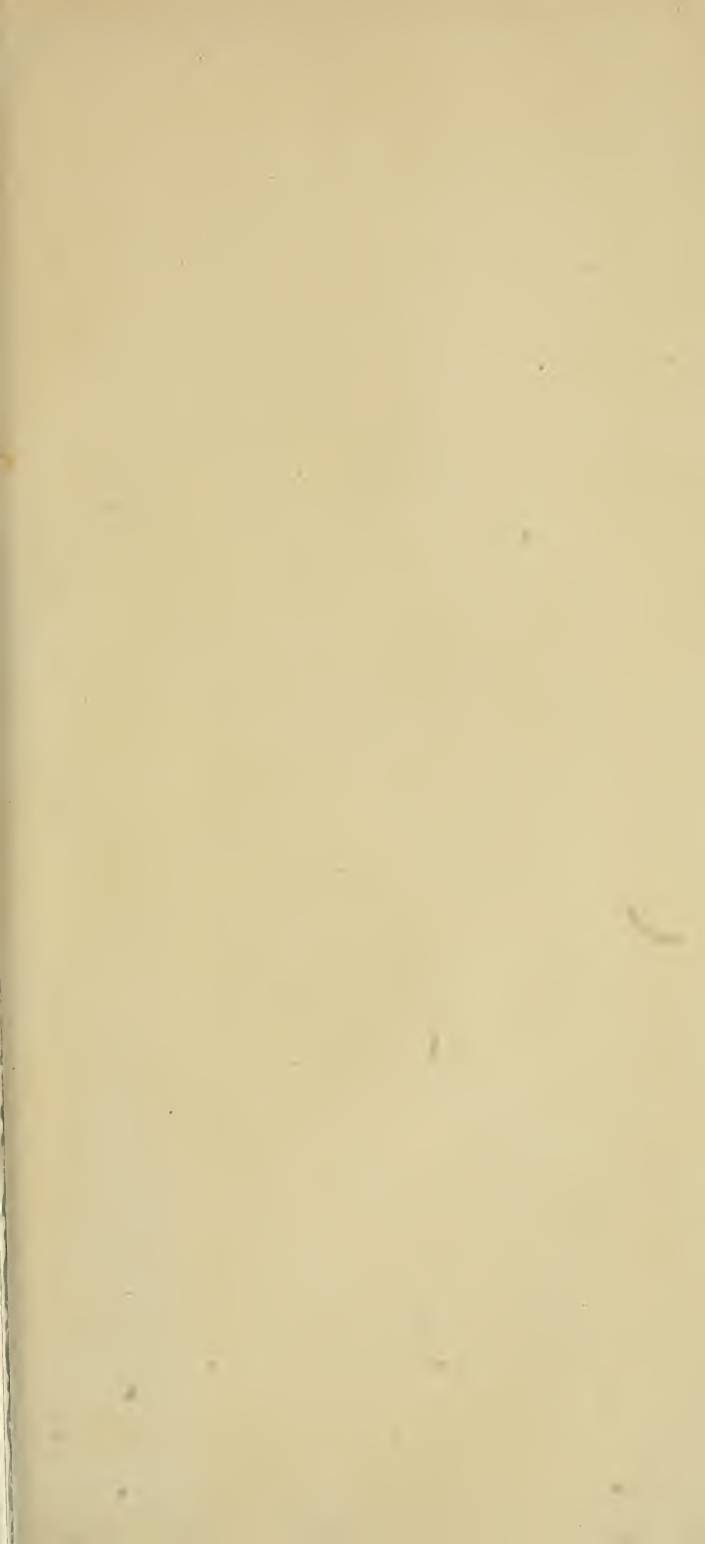
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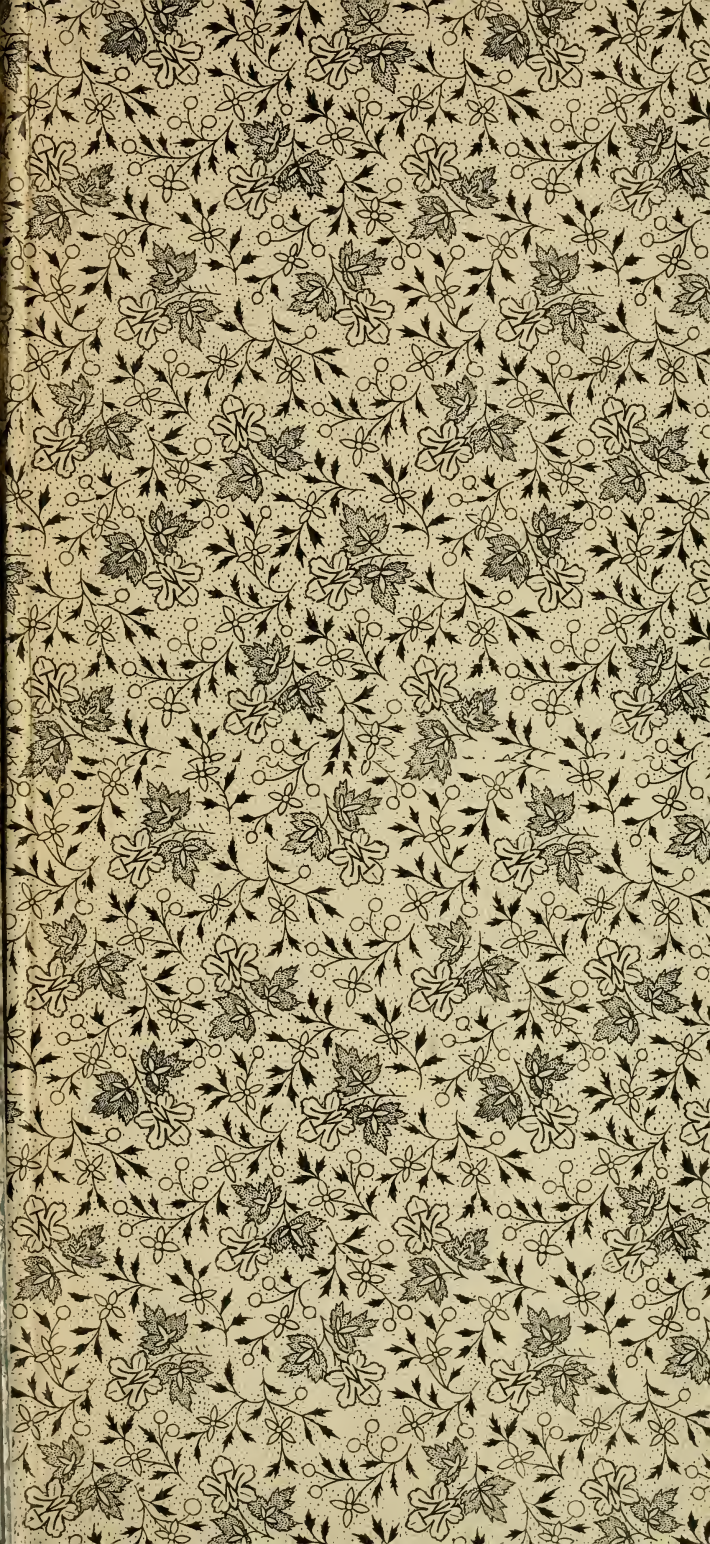
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